

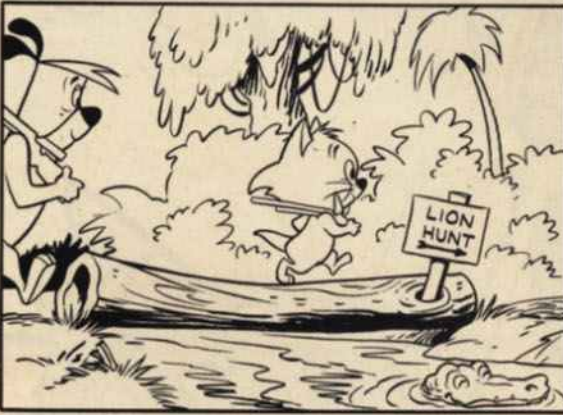
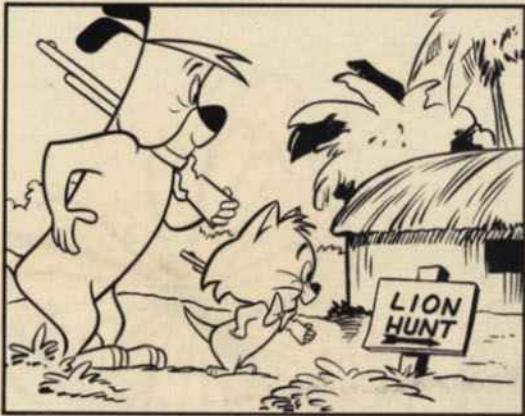
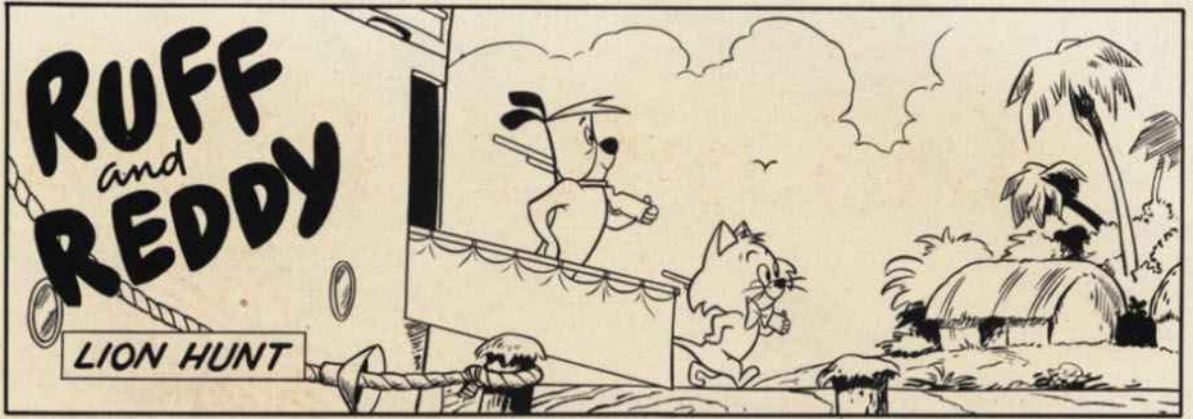
DELL

JUNE

15¢

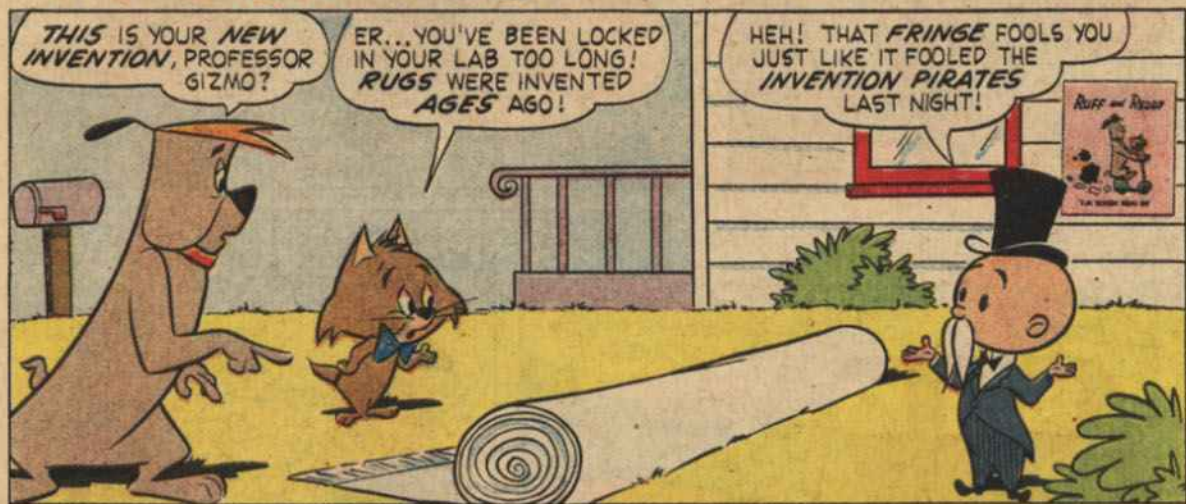
Ruff and Reddy





Ruff and Reddy

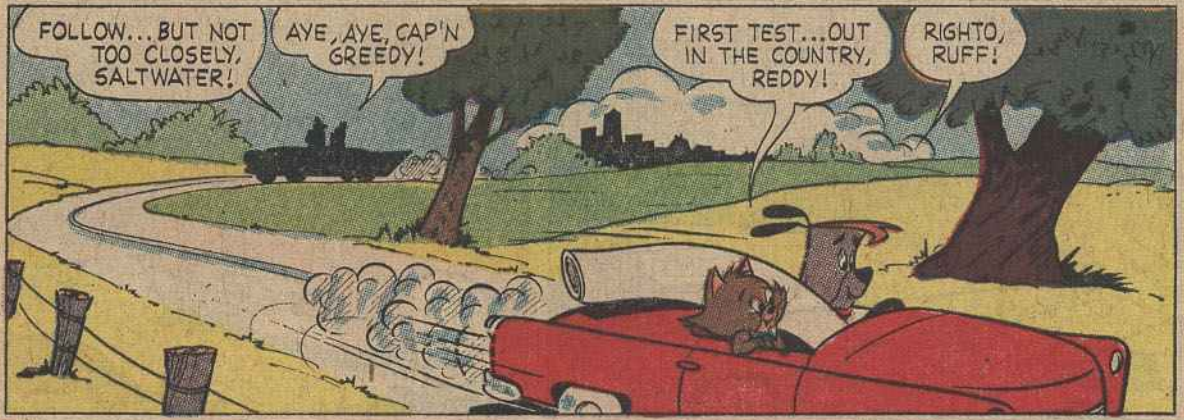
ROLLABLE ROAD

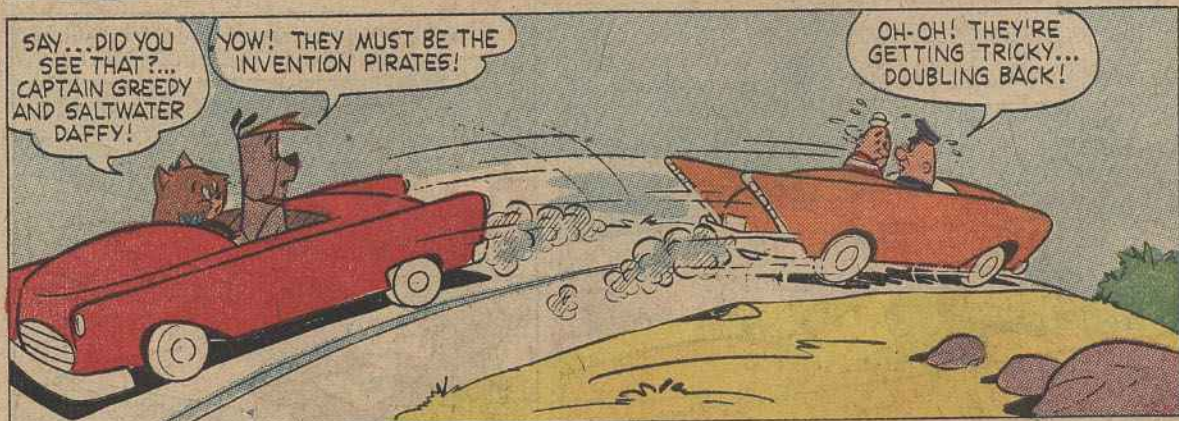
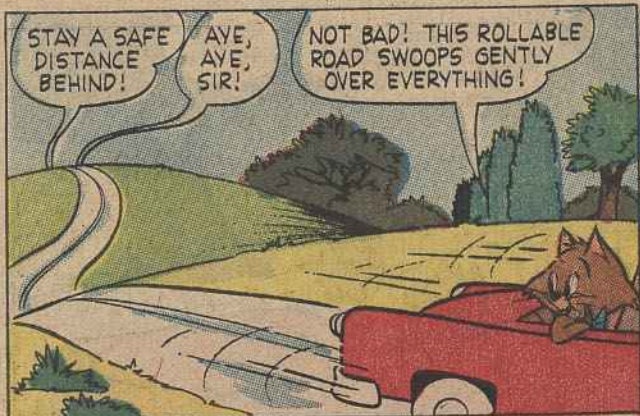


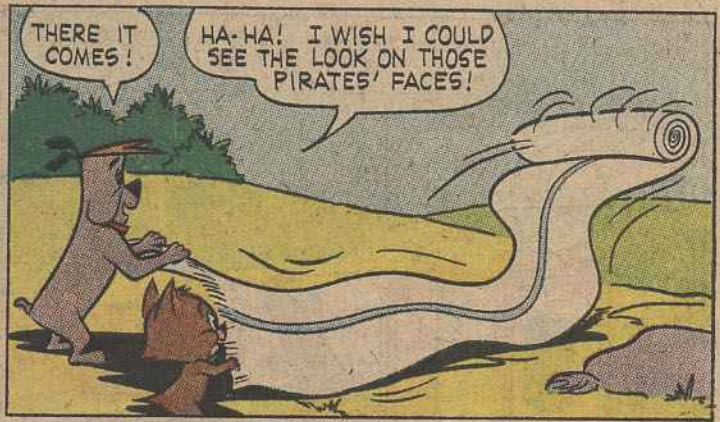


AND MEANWHILE, THE INVENTION PIRATES FUME IN THEIR TRAILER HIDE-OUT...











GOSH! SPEEDY TIRE FIXERS!

AND A SPEEDY CAR THEY HAVE, TOO! WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!



HMM... I'VE GOT A SHORT-CUT SORTA IDEA!



LET'S ROLL OUR ROAD ACROSS THE BAY TO GET AWAY!

SAY! THE PROFESSOR DID MENTION GIVING IT A WATER TEST, TOO!



WE'VE GOTTA GET TO THE OTHER SIDE AND ROLL IT UP BEFORE CAPTAIN GREEDY DRIVES ONTO IT!

HEH! IT SEEMS TO WORK FINE!



WE MADE IT! AND WITH JUST ENOUGH TIME TO ROLL UP THE ROAD BEHIND US!

PROFESSOR GIZMO'S A GENIUS!

SCREECH!



COME ON, RUFF! LET'S ROLL!

HMM! HOLD IT A SECOND, REDDY!



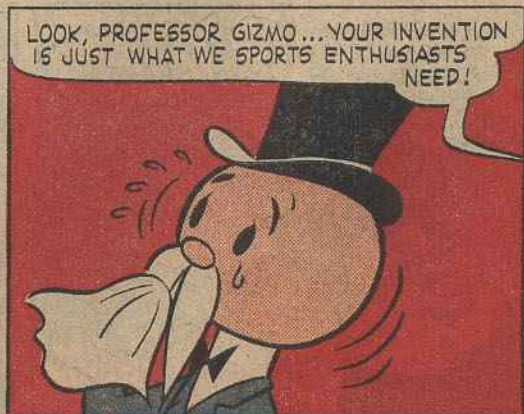
B-BUT THE PIRATES ARE C-COMING...(SPUT!) THE PIRATES!

SIMMER DOWN, AND LOOK DOWN, TOO!





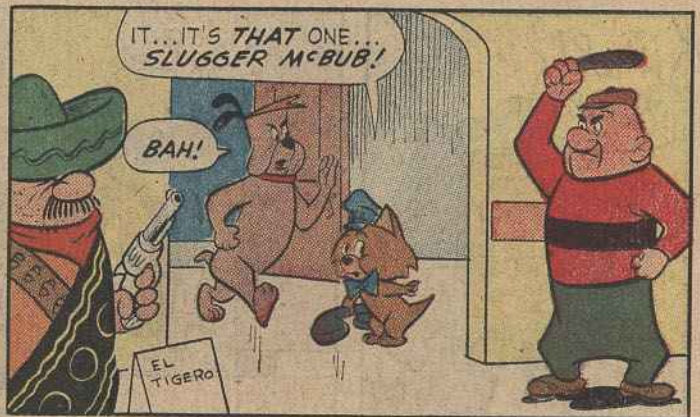
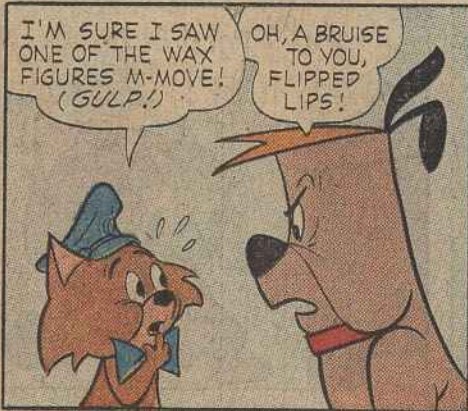
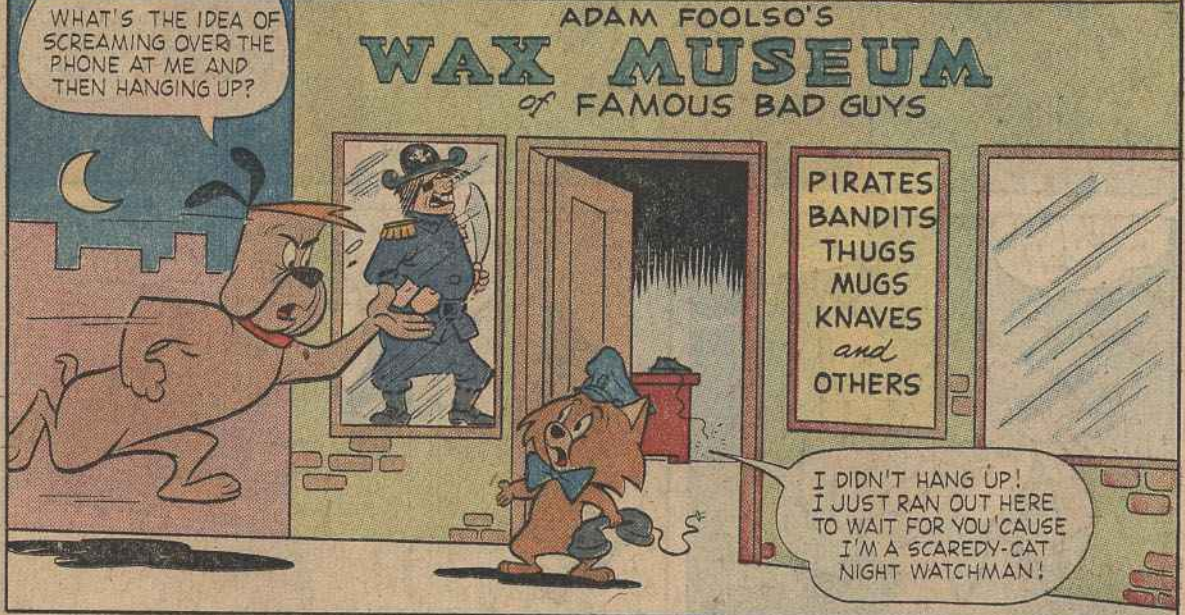
SO AFTER THE INVENTION PIRATES ARE LOCKED UP, AND ALL PIRATED INVENTIONS RETURNED TO THEIR INVENTORS...



Ruff and Reddy

WAX WATCHCAT

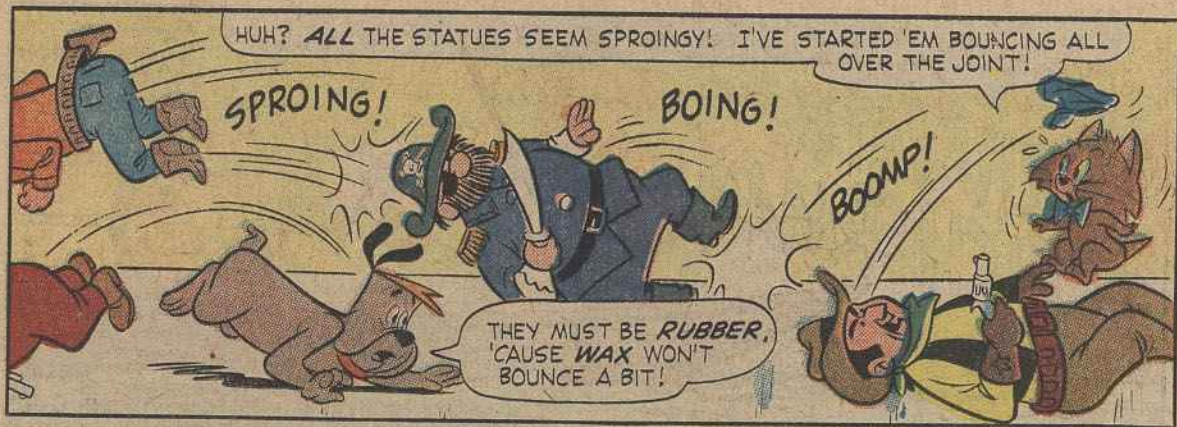
ADAM FOOLSO'S
WAX MUSEUM
 of FAMOUS BAD GUYS











HUH? ALL THE STATUES SEEM SPROINGY! I'VE STARTED 'EM BOUNCING ALL OVER THE JOINT!

SPROING!

BOING!

BOOMP!

THEY MUST BE RUBBER, 'CAUSE WAX WON'T BOUNCE A BIT!



YEP! SLUGGER Mc'BUB IS RUBBER, TOO! YOU CAUSED HIM TO SLUG US BOTH BY LETTING GO OF HIS ARM, RUFF!

BUT BEFORE THAT, HE KNOCKED YOU FOR A LOOP!



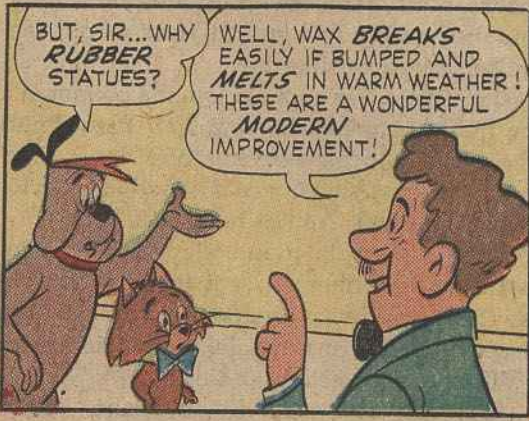
NOPE! YOU DIDN'T SEE IT! I SLIPPED AND HIT MY HEAD ON THIS SLIPPERY FLOOR!

BUT I SAW HIS ARM MOVE WHEN I FIRST CAME ON DUTY!



MAYBE WHEN YOU OPENED THE DOOR A GUST OF WIND MADE HIS ARM SWAY, EH?

WHY, IT'S ADAM FOOLSO, MY BOSS!



BUT, SIR... WHY RUBBER STATUES?

WELL, WAX BREAKS EASILY IF BUMPED AND MELTS IN WARM WEATHER! THESE ARE A WONDERFUL MODERN IMPROVEMENT!



AND I COULDN'T CALL IT A RUBBER MUSEUM, COULD I? SOUNDS SILLY! ANYWAY, THERE'S A WEIRD CHARM ABOUT THE WORDS WAX MUSEUM... SO I LET IT GO AT THAT!

HEH! YOUR ONLY MISTAKE WAS NOT TELLING RUFF ALL THIS WHEN YOU HIRED HIM!



YES, YOU POOR WATCHCAT! AFTER THIS HORRIFYING EXPERIENCE, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CARE TO CARRY ON!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?



BEING ABLE TO DO THIS MAKES ME FEEL PUL-LENTY ROUGH 'N' TOUGH!

PERP!

TOUGHIE O'TOOLE



Cap'n Pete Pelican had spent several days visiting and sight-seeing in Japan. "Time to weigh anchor and head for the sea, Ebisu," the salty old world traveler told his oriental friend and guide. "You've shown me some mighty interesting sights, matey."

"It was a great honor, Cap'n Pete," the guide bowed. "You have seen many things. But before you leave the orient you must visit the village of the great fishing birds."

"A village of fishing birds?" Pete exclaimed. "What kind of birds are they? Do we have anything in common?"

"The birds are called cormorants, Cap'n." Ebisu bowed again. "They are raised and trained especially for fishing, and they are given the greatest care and respect by their owners. It is a good life for a bird."

"Blow me down!" Pete exploded. "This bears investigating. If these birds are treated so royally just for fishing, maybe I've been missing the boat all these years. Here's one fisherman who could learn to live like a king. Why, I might even decide to stay in this village. Hoist anchor, Ebisu, we sail for the village of the fishing birds."

So Ebisu led Cap'n Pete Pelican to a small village on the Nagara River. "Many centuries ago," he explained as they traveled over hill and dale, "our Emperor honored two families in this village by selecting them to raise and train these birds to catch fish for the royal family."

"Blow me down!" Cap'n Pete cried. "I might get to meet the Emperor."

"So sorry, Cap'n Pete. Today cormorant fishing is mainly a tourist attraction," the guide told the pelican.

"Spin my spinnaker!" Cap'n Pete bellowed. "Maybe a talent scout will discover me, and

I'll become famous."

"Here is the village, Cap'n Pete. I will take you directly to the place where the cormorants are trained," Ebisu bowed. "We will watch them in action."

Cap'n Pete Pelican bowed, too, in the true oriental manner.

Cap'n Pete and Ebisu watched the glossy green-and-black birds dive and surface in the waters of the Nagara River, catching fish in their throats.

Cap'n Pete grew thoughtful. "Say, matey," he said, turning to Ebisu. "Pipe me aboard. These birds have the basic idea of fishing, but they need a few lessons from an old sea-faring fisherman like me."

Cap'n Pete was about to join the cormorants on the water when he saw their trainer pull the birds into an awaiting boat by a long hempen rope, which was fastened to a circlet each bird wore around his throat.

"Awk!" Pete clutched his own throat as he watched the trainer massage the birds' throats so they would eject the fish into an awaiting basket. "Avast, matey," Pete cried in alarm. "What kind of fishing is this?"

"As you can see," Ebisu spoke, "these fishing birds are trained to eat only the very smallest fish that slip through the circlets they wear around their necks."

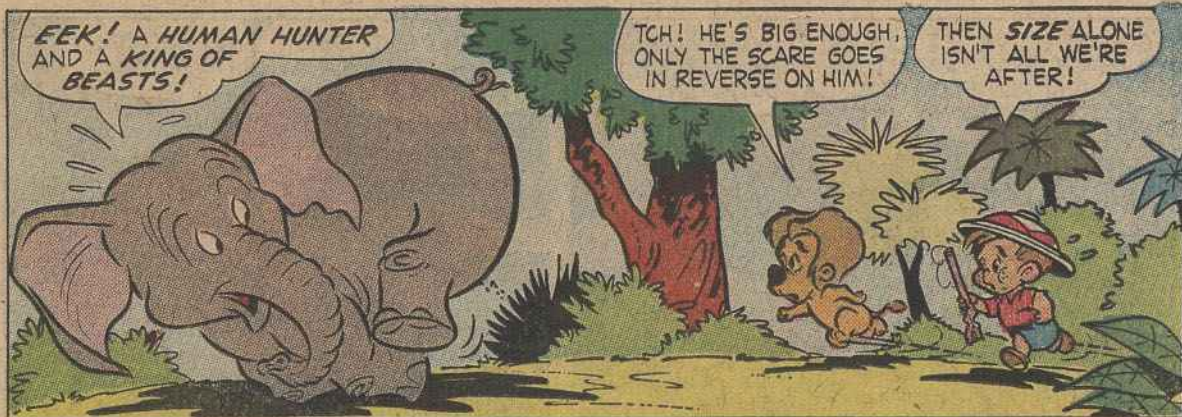
"Then this is not for me, matey," Pete shuddered. "Too many strings attached to this way of fishing. I could never be happy tied down to my work the way these cormorants are. I was brought up to believe that every bird should be free to fly or fish where he wants. I'm mighty grateful to you, though, for showing me something that reminded me of my good fortune." Cap'n Pete saluted his guide, then flew off toward home.

LEON, THE TEENSY-WEENSY LION

TRIGGER HAPPY PAPPY







EK! A HUMAN HUNTER AND A KING OF BEASTS!

TCH! HE'S BIG ENOUGH, ONLY THE SCARE GOES IN REVERSE ON HIM!

THEN SIZE ALONE ISN'T ALL WE'RE AFTER!



IT'S GOTTA BE A FIERCE, SNARLY, GRR-MOULTHED GUY, TOO!

AHA! THERE'S ONE...



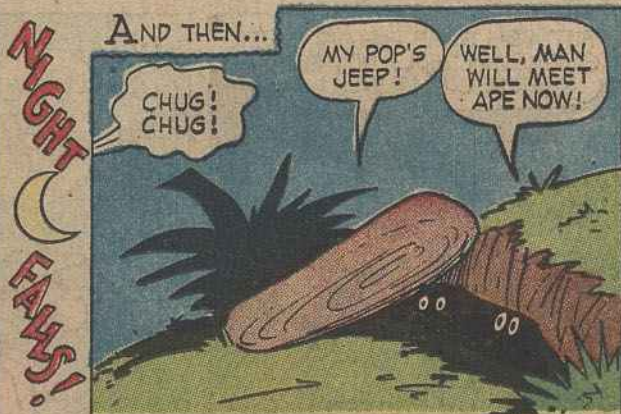
BUT... HE'S SO FIERCE HE WON'T STOP TO LISTEN TO OUR PLAN!

HE'S TOO FIERCE TO EVEN LISTEN TO REASON!

SNORT!



QUICK, LESTER... INTO THIS SMALL CAVE WHERE THE BIG APE CAN'T REACH US!



NIGHT FALLS!

AND THEN...

CHUG! CHUG!

MY POP'S JEEP!

WELL, MAN WILL MEET APE NOW!



LESTER! YOO-HOO, LESTER!



SNORT!

EH? A PAIR OF MEAN EYES!



TAKE THAT! HA, HA!

BLAM!



COWARD! I'VE YET TO MEET A BEAST THAT WON'T TURN TAIL AND RUN FROM THE BOOM OF MY GUN!

GOSH! MY IDEA FIZZLED OUT, LEON!



LESTER! LOOK OUT! ANIMAL EYES, SHINING BEHIND YOU!

NO, NO, POP! IT'S MY PAL...



OH-OH! BUT LOOK AT THE BIG-BIG EYES BEHIND YOU, POP!

EH?



CLUMPETY!
BUMP!
BLOMP!

BLAM!
BLAM!

IT...IT KEEPS CHARGING IN SPITE OF MY SHOOTING!



BUT A BIG GAME HUNTER NEVER GIVES QUARTER... NOT EVEN A QUARTER OF AN INCH!

BLAM!
BLAM!

BAM!



FLOP!
PLOP!

SSSSS-
SPUT!
POP!

(WHEW!)
I...I
FINALLY
STOPPED
IT!



OH, NO! LOOK WHAT IT IS!

GOSH! THAT SHOULD CURE YOU OF HUNTING FOR QUITE SOME TIME TO COME!



SO, THE NEXT DAY...
YOU SURE IT'S SAFE TO PLAY, LESTER?

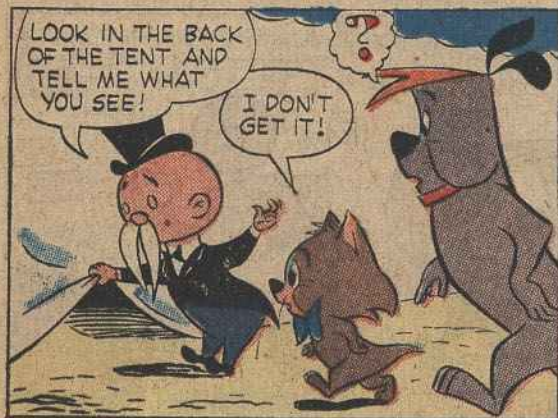
YEAH! POP'S LATEST TROPHY HAS HIM IN A NO-SHOOT MOOD!

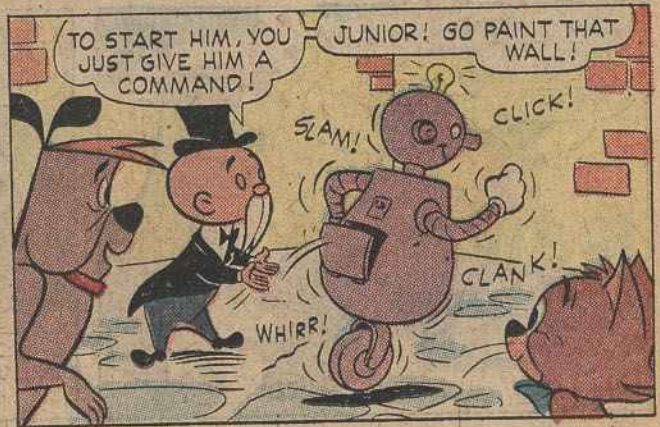
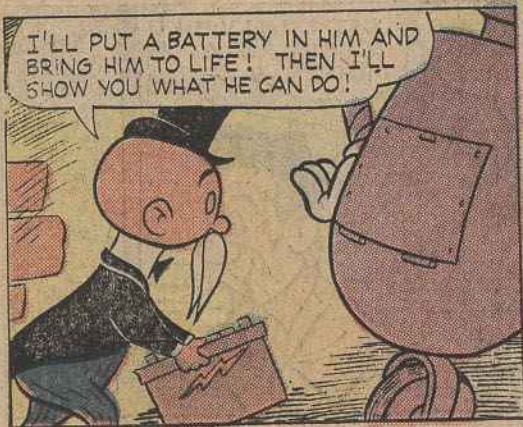
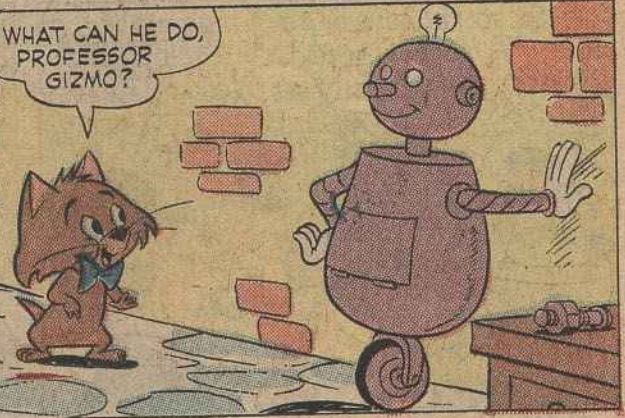
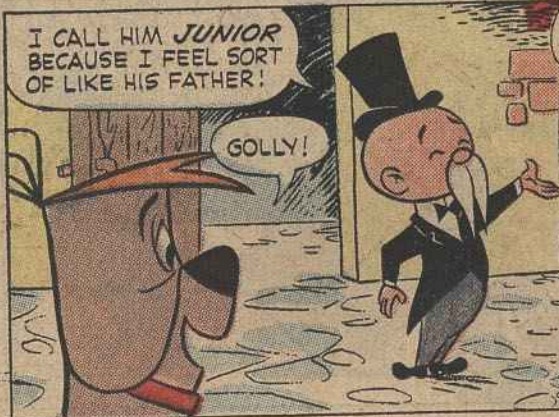


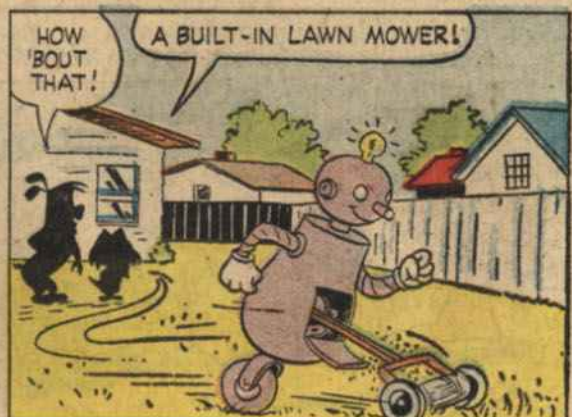
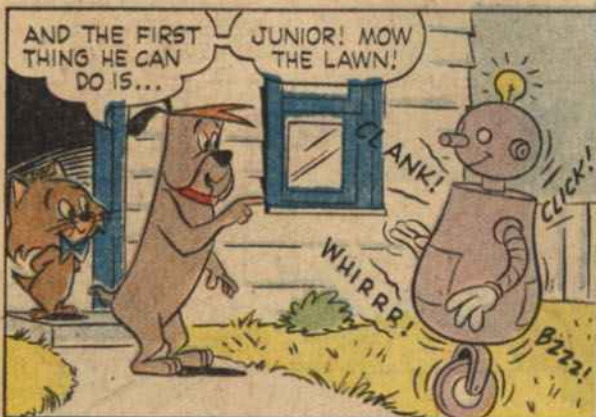
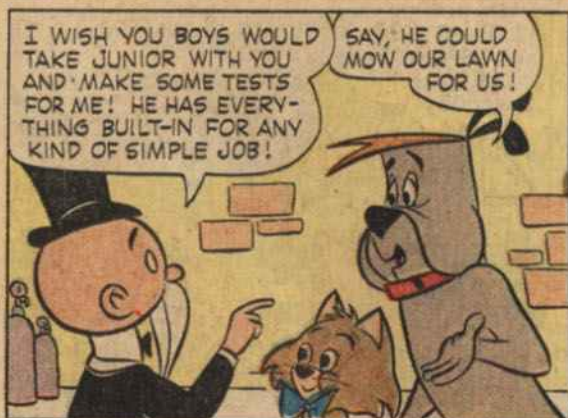
AND IF HE EVER *DOES* TAKE UP HIS GUN AGAIN, HE'LL NEVER LEAVE HIS JEEP ON A HILL WITH THE BRAKES OFF!

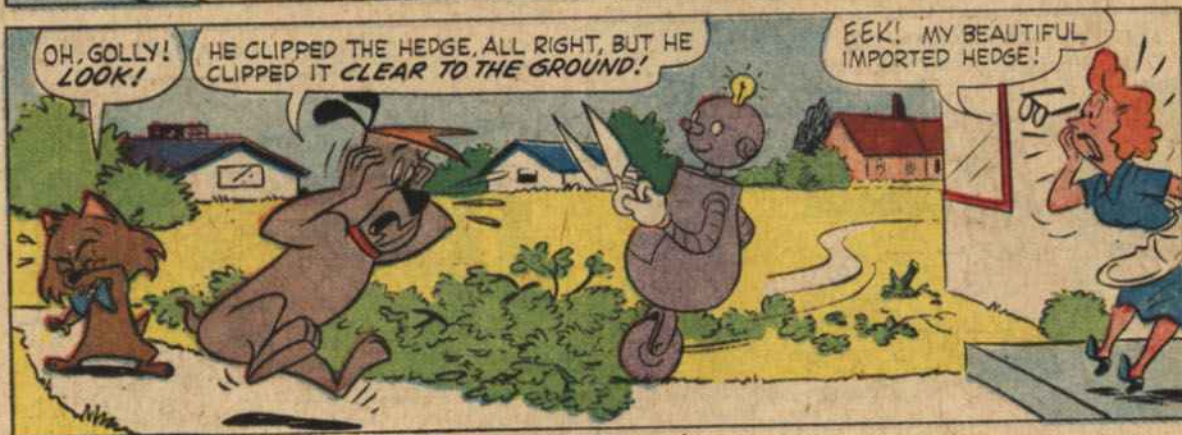
Ruff and Reddy

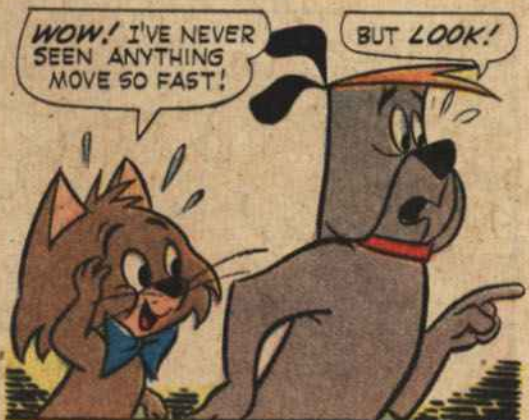
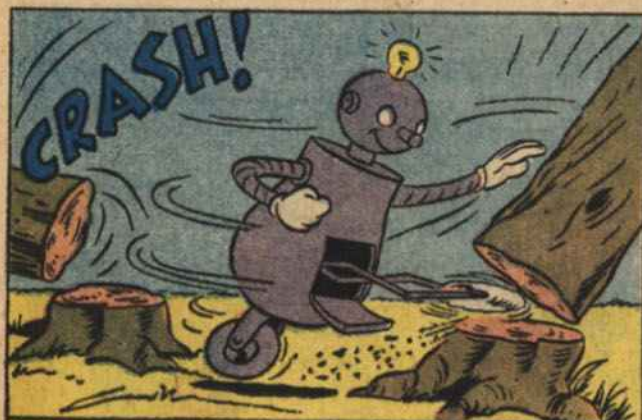
THE MECHANICAL MARVEL

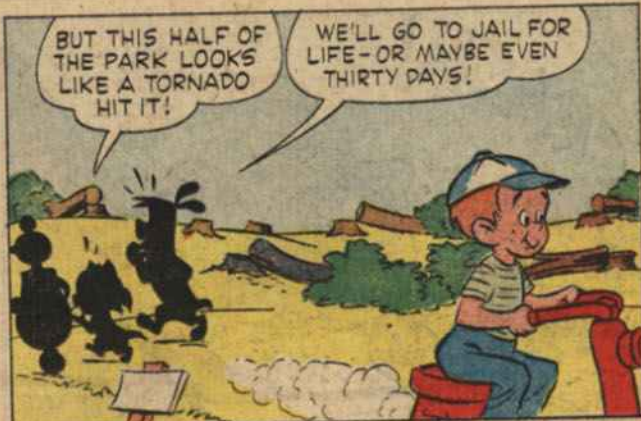
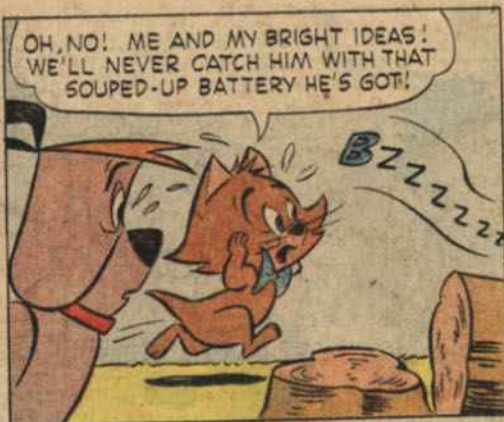


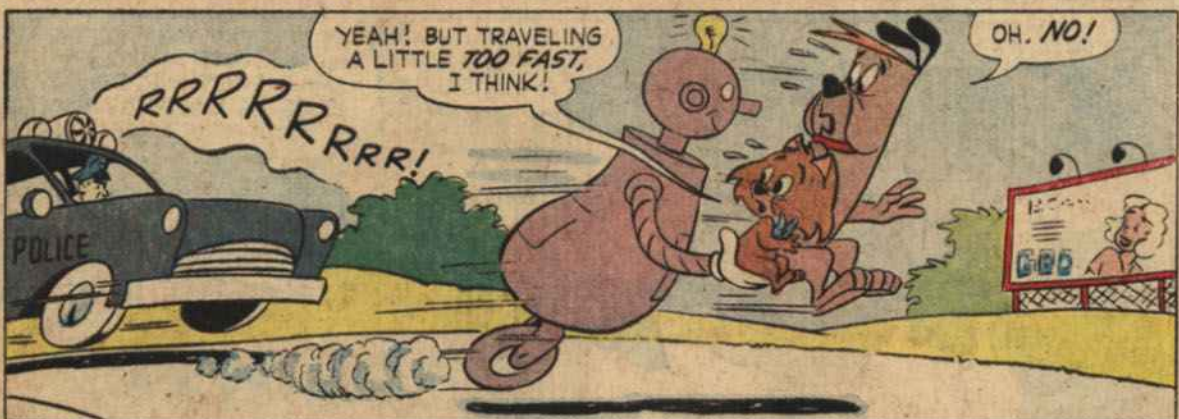
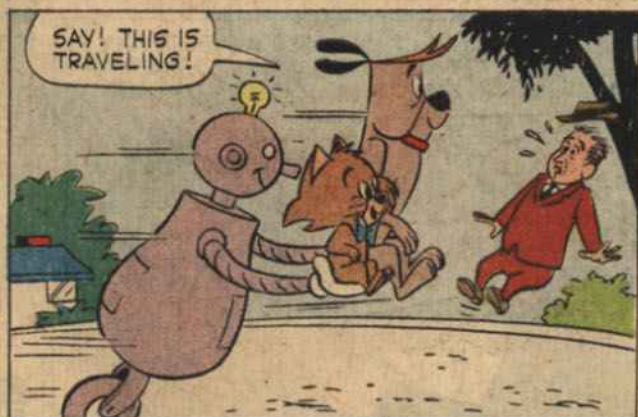


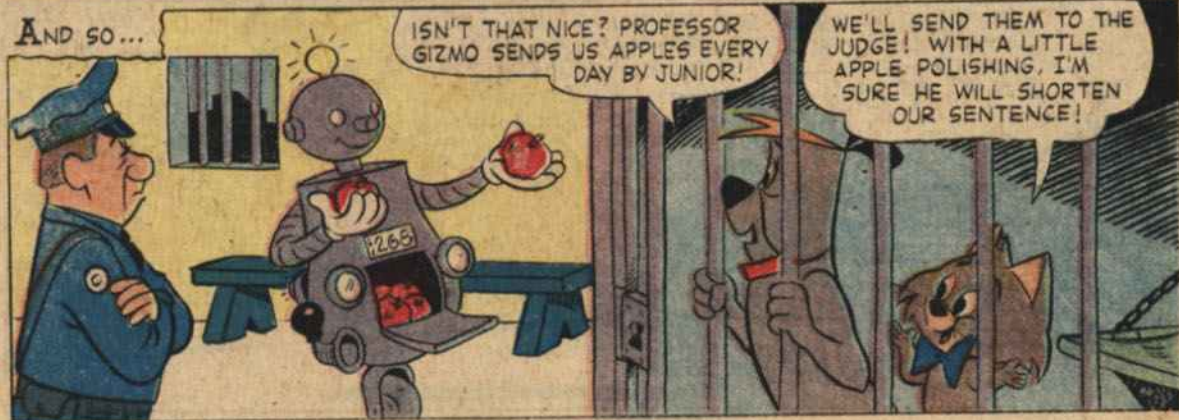












Ruff and Reddy

THE LOST SCOTCHMAN



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO PROSPECTING! A LOT OF FELLOWS HAVE STRUCK IT RICH IN THIS VERY DESERT!

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO STOP WALKING AND START DIGGING?



JUST PICK A SPOT TO START— YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING, GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!

HOW ABOUT OVER BY THOSE TREES? IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO CAMP!



I'LL DIG HERE... HUH?

REDDY! LOOK! IT'S GOLD!



NUGGETS AS BIG AS FOOTBALLS! WE'RE RICH BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS!

THAT'S WHAT THIS PROBABLY IS— JUST A WILD DREAM!



OH, OH! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

HOW ARE YOU BOYS DOING? HEH, HEH! I'VE FINALLY STRUCK IT RICH — AFTER TWENTY YEARS!



FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS! NUGGETS THE SIZE OF WALNUTS - THAT'S MY KIND OF GOLD!



NICE, BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS? THAT'S OUR KIND OF GOLD!

THAT'S YOUR KIND OF GOLD, ALL RIGHT - FOOL'S GOLD!



FOOL'S GOLD?

THAT'S RIGHT, SON! YOU HAVE TO GO WAY BACK IN THE HILLS FOR THE REAL THING! I KNOW THIS DESERT LIKE A BOOK!



I STILL THINK THAT WAS A NICE CAMPING SPOT!

COME ON, CLEMENTINE!



WE'LL GO SO FAR BACK IN THESE HILLS WE'LL BE BOUND TO FIND GOLD!

HEY, RUFF, LOOK!



IT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MINE TUNNEL!



THE LOST SCOTCHMAN?

WOW! THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL LOST MINES! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT FOR YEARS!

THE LOST SCOTCHMAN MINE



